

Society

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR.

Philadelphia for several weeks, has returned to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wolfe are again at their home after a fortnight spent in Atlantic City.

Mrs. L. Hagedorn has returned to the Capital after a short stay in Old Point Comfort.

The Misses Jeanette and Lillie Cohen have returned here after spending several months in Hamilton, Va.

Mrs. Julia Luchs, who spent the summer in Atlantic City and Philadelphia, is again at her Washington home.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Nordlinger and their son will leave town in a few days for Atlantic City, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Helen Levy has returned to her home in Brooklyn, N. Y., after spending some time in Washington, the guest of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. William Z. Ilch are again at their home after a short stay with friends in Orange, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Emanuel, formerly of Washington, are now making their home in Greensboro, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Nordlinger and sons have returned to their home in the city, after a stay of some months in Bethesda, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol Fuld have gone to their home in York, Pa., after some time spent with relatives in Washington.

Mr. Friedrich has returned to his home in the city after a visit to friends in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hecht, of Pittsburgh are spending some time in the city, the guests of friends.

Mrs. Katzenstein, of Pittsburgh, was in Washington for a short time the past week as the guest of relatives.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Margaret Kaufman, of Macomb street, Washington, to Mr. Louis Glaser, of New York, at the home of the bride, Wednesday, October 3, 1917.

HOROSCOPE.

Sunday, September 23, 1917.

This is not a fortunate day, according to astrology. Although in the morning Venus is in benefic aspect, later Mercury, Mars, Venus and Saturn are all adverse.

The early hours are held to be most favorable to those who have psychic power, to faith healers and all who delve in the occult.

This day which is supposed to make the mind more sensitive to impressions from the unseen world is also believed to be especially helpful to inventors.

The configuration is supposed to make the borderland of the material world a place much more open to impressions from the planes of spirit than it is under other planetary rules. The seers prophesy that remarkable

MADAME VAN DER HOUVEN VAN OORDT, wife of Mr. J. B. van der Houven van Oordt, member of the Dutch Mission, who is making her home at the New Willard.



Copyright by Harris-Exner.

ghost stories well accredited will be brought home from the battlefields of France. One of these will become a national legend.

This is a fairly encouraging direction for love affairs from which one is likely to be immune.

Although romance is so well expected, love letters are under the ban of the stars today and they may bring disappointment and trouble of the most serious sort.

The old should be cautious during this way of the stars as they are liable to serious physical ills. A man who is very famous may pass out of life today.

Increase the number of suicides is prognosticated. This may be especially noticeable between Thanksgiving and New Year.

Some peculiar trouble between Turkey and Austria seems to be fore-

shadowed. Austria is under a most malin away of the planets, which threaten terrible internal conditions.

Racial matters over which Venus is supposed to have sway will be of less interest naturally during the coming winter, but several entertainments of historic interest will command national attention.

Women should be very wise about pushing their claims for suffrage at this time, for they are under a sinister guidance of the stars.

Persons whose birthdate it is may have many business annoyances in the coming year.

Children born on this day may be headstrong and difficult to manage. In business they may not be successful. These subjects of Virgo are usually refined and fastidious.

Copyright, 1917.

Officers with Field Glasses Set Watches by Boche Clock

Story of Canadian Fighting Men On Firing Line in France and Tactics of German Adversary.

By JOHN R. BALDERSTON.

With the British Army in the field, Aug. 15—This is the story of some experiences with the splendid Canadian army during one of its greatest and most successful battles, which resulted in the capture of Hill 70, and in the successful occupation of the Northwestern suburbs of Lens, in company with another correspondent and two staff officers, I penetrated into the Western outskirts of Lens while the battle was at its height, saw German infantry in action, and thanks to the preoccupation of the enemy artillery with the infantry fighting in front, was able to see attacks and counter-attacks from positions in view of the Germans without being disturbed.

The foundations for my trip were laid a week ago, during a trip to the headquarters of the Canadian corps. The word "American" is an open sesame at present, and members of the staff showed me without reserve their plans for the operation that was to take place, and took me to various parts of their line to explain the lay of the land and the task before their troops.

Several officers from Gen. Pershing's staff had visited Canadian headquarters shortly before I arrived. The veterans of the Second Ypres battle, of the Somme and the Vimy, were most enthusiastic about the attitude of the Americans. "We knew they were regular army men, and we know just how they'd behave," said my guide, while we were watching the wonderful panorama spread out before us. "When they turned up we found them as modest as schoolgirls. They were keen, awfully keen, to learn, and they were never tired of saying, 'we are babies in war, you know all about it, we just want you to show us.' Of course that isn't quite true, but we appreciated it."

Told About Shell Hole.

"They wouldn't take our word for certain things, and this worried us a bit. You see we told them about organizing shell holes, and night patrolling, and all that sort of thing, but they would insist on getting out themselves into the most dangerous corners on our front to see for themselves. On this hill which isn't particularly dangerous, the Boche took a sudden notion to shell me when I had several American colonels in tow, and we had a pretty narrow escape."

While the earlier stages of the attack on Hill 70 and the outskirts of Lens were in progress, a week later, August 15, I arrived at the headquarters of one of the Canadian divisions that was taking part in the attack. Reports were coming in, but the general and his officers were not too busy to explain what was going on. All the objectives had been taken in the first attack, but the Germans were counter-attacking heavily towards Hill 70 and the Bois Rouge, north of Lens, and in the streets of Lens itself, weak Canadian detachments were finding their hands full.

Great maps of the fronts of the Canadian divisions were being constantly altered by a man who sat at a telephone and moved pins, as busy as the board boy in a broker's office who chalks up the quotations.

An artillery officer walked in

chuckling. "The visibility is great," he said, "and our O Pips (army slang for observation posts) can see everything. The Boche is up to his massing now in certain trenches for a counter attack, and when he is through concentrating, I'm going to turn my guns on him, and there won't be much left. Meanwhile, I'm for some breakfast."

Guns Pounding Away.

The guns were thundering outside, all the German and Canadian artillery in the sector pounding away for all they were worth, when we four adventurers climbed into a car and started for the best point of observation. By good luck, the German cannon at the moment were concentrating entirely on the ground they had lost, and were not shelling the area, generally very warm, into which we took our motor. After a run of a few minutes through the waste and desolation of towns utterly destroyed whose few grass-grown ruins left from the fighting of two years ago seemed to be survivors from some long-buried civilization of thousands of years ago, we left the car and commenced a long walk, whose itinerary I cannot describe. At one point, near a destroyed coal mine, was a long train of coal cars.

It was loaded, standing on its sliding ready for movement, when the Germans came in 1914. Either they were unable to get it away under fire, or unwilling to use up space on the vital railway through Lens which all through the war has supplied this sector with men and munitions. The train had remained subject to the shelling of the French in 1914 and 1915, of the British last year, and now of the Germans, in one of the hottest corners in Europe. Great towns around it have disappeared, blown to pieces. Bridges, tracks, even in some places the railway embankment, have gone. Many coal cars, directly struck by great shells, have disappeared; others, broken and twisted, lie beside the embankment or across the tracks.

But by a curious freak of war, there are a few cars, full of coal, that remain little damaged. My French guide, still attached to the division, I found one such car on which there was no trace of a bullet hole. On each side of it were masses of twisted machinery and broken rails. There it stood, its precious contents safe from the enemy, but not the coal in their tracks. In winter I cannot imagine saved for France. But how they will be able to get that car out of the miles of desolation that surround it, even after the enemy is driven from Lens, none of us could predict.

Advance Is Unpleasant.

The concluding stages of our advance toward the front were extremely unpleasant. Thousands of shells, many of them of the largest size, were being dropped on the line, and in several places we ran as fast as possible through open spaces, tripping over barbed wire and into shell holes, casting sidelong and fearful glances, as we hurriedly sought for cover.

Which we knew enemy eyes, aided by incomparable telescopic lenses, "made Germany," were watching us. But there was no time to think of that. The terrible upsurge in the outskirts of Lens before us meant that both sides were concentrating on infantry fighting, and at such times there are no guns left to shell a few odd men dodging about a field.

At length we got under cover again. Then came half an hour of climbing through mudholes and entanglements, up and down steep slopes till finally, after a squeeze through a ditch full of mud, we arrived at our goal and found the whole battle spread out before us.

It was like a war in Wilkes-Barre. The whole front in this area for so far as we could see was made up of slag heaps, pit heads crowned by torn and smashed machinery and dwelling houses. Just before us were rows of houses, beyond a railway. There, we were told, were the Germans. Just on this side, not far in front of us, the Canadian infantry were crouching. At one point not far away, a shell burst from the guns of both sides were crashing into rows of ruined workmen's cottages, and even above the noise of the explosions a sound as of a thousand pneumatic riveters working at once on the framework of a skyscraper came to our ears—the machine guns were at work. Here the infantry were fighting, now and then skulking figures of our own men, some carrying machine guns, some bombs, some rifles, appeared for a moment, dauntlessly working their way up into the struggle, but no Germans were visible, and the flying dust and bits of brick and mortar made hopeless the attempt to see any details of the combat.

Ate Lunch in Shell Hole.

We ate our lunch in a shell hole 20 yards from the enemy, again crossed some fields, and some water, in view of the Germans, and climbed another hill farther back from the battle, where it was possible to see more at less risk. On the way across the open space I was emboldened by the failure of the German guns to disturb us, and stopped before a great concrete dug-out, evidently a German headquarters, hidden under the ruins of a smashed cottage on the western outskirts of the Cite de St. Auguste, a suburb of Lens of which part, a few hundred yards to the east, is still held by the enemy.

In front of the dugout stood a post bearing a sign, in big black letters, "Durchgang Verboten." The temptation was too great. I broke the post down and with some difficulty detached the signboard, and disappeared on the run with it under my arm, hoping some German forward observing officer was gnashing his teeth at my impudence. He would have no difficulty in reading the sign from his post. It is my souvenir of the battle of Lens; I think the sign is symbolic of much; there are many places to which "admission is forbidden" by the German army which Britons and Frenchmen, Canadians and Australians, and even Americans, will enter without a by your leave.

We remained for several hours at our new point of vantage, while the German guns were smothering the ground there, about the ruined reservoir on Hill 66, with sharpnel. Beyond, tiny white smoke told of bombing in the houses of the Cite du Moulin, a region both sides forebore to shell because the infantry of both was in possession. There came a temporary lull; then suddenly the sky seemed filled with British aeroplanes, and a violent bombardment commenced of the Cite St. Auguste, a northern suburb. Looking across the center of Lens, which was at our feet, we could see walls falling, houses going up in red clouds of brick dust, black and white and yellow smoke as different explosives were detonated, and above, the smoke of the shell bursts rolled up a heavy black smoke that any one who has seen a refinery fire recognizes. The Canadians were hurling drums of boiling oil, a new and terrible weapon, into the streets and the houses.

During the terrible bombardment a dozen aeroplanes circled overhead, registering the flashes of enemy can-

photographing, oblivious of the black bursts of German sharpnel beneath, above and about them. One shell burst apparently in the face of an aeroplane; the machine turned over on its side and dropped 150 feet. I thought the pilot was "gone in," as they say at the front. "Oh, no," laughed a Canadian major. "No such luck for the Boche Archie. Our man just side-slipped and dived quickly, because that burst meant the enemy had his range, and to keep on his course might have meant his finish." It was evident, from the fury with which German shells began tearing into Cite St. Auguste a moment after our fire had suddenly shifted from the houses in front to those in the rear, that the Canadians had launched an attack.

The most interesting feature of the day came at its close. From another point, whose location I must not indicate by description of the extremely interesting scene which followed, I saw, through a powerful telescope, German soldiers on the march, and, one of them, on the run. Officers on the spot sometimes go whole months without a shower of rain, and the unusual spectacle of men and transports behind the enemy lines bears witness to the disorganization produced by the Canadian attack and to the great German concentration in this area.

German Was Running.

The first German I saw was running. He evidently knew he was in view. I sympathized with his feelings, which I had experienced under somewhat similar circumstances earlier in the day. He was in easy range of the guns, but hidden by some houses from rifle fire, and he doubtless thought, as we had thought, that the cannon were too busy to seek out a single target. Big, strapping fellows they seemed, though my feeling that they were larger than the prisoners I had seen in the morning may have been a delusion caused by the glass; I believe they were men of the Fourth Guards division, who attacked a few hours later and were wiped out by machine guns and bombs, losing four or five thousand men. The Canadians apparently for reasons that I did not understand until later, preferred not to break up that particular concentration. They were giving the Germans a hard time, however. Not one of the ten bloody counter-attacks that developed later succeeded in doing more than swell the German casualty lists.

Far behind ruined Lens, which looks after months of destruction by the Germans and shelling by the Canadians almost like Ypres, were mines and towns untouched by fire, and in Harrold, some five miles away, a beautiful church tower rose above a cluster of red houses. An officer focused his glass for me. "Look," he said, I saw the clock in the tower. I looked at my watch, puzzled. "I thought the German clocks were always right," I said. "So they are," chuckled the Canadian. "I sometimes set my American watch by that clock. But you see they have Berlin time over there. It is an hour later than ours." The Harrold clock hands pointed to quarter past five. My watch said four thirteen. No German official clock is ever wrong; so I set my watch forward two minutes.

Wagons Hurry About.

In the square below the church tower, out of range of any but heavy guns, were German wagons, or lorries—they appeared and disappeared quickly, probably under orders not to remain in view. And once, in a cloud of dust, a motor car rushed by just outside the town, carrying, I fancied, racing staff officers hurrying to the scene of confusion and defeat at Lens. There were many other towns to see, like Harrold and occasional movement on the roads, while once a German train puffing along many miles to the rear, perhaps on the Cambrai Railroad, its progress betrayed by a ribbon of white smoke.

An officer, I did not more than 15 from Toronto, told me of the habits and behavior of "the Boche" as studied through telescopes and field glasses.

"For months," he said, "while we were waiting for open fighting to start, I used to tell myself that I'd signal the guns to clean up the first party of German stretcher-bearers I saw bringing in their wounded. 'I know it sounds pretty rotten. Let me tell you why. Up in the Ypres Salient, in 1915, some of the fellows found my older brother, during a counter-attack. He had fallen while the Boche was advancing, slightly

W. B. Moses & Sons

11th and F Sts.

Miss Florence McComb, late of New York and Los Angeles, has been placed in charge of our Interior Decorating Department.

Miss McComb will be pleased to advise on all matters of Interior Furnishings.

Studio 5th Floor Front

a cluster of red houses. An officer focused his glass for me. "Look," he said, I saw the clock in the tower. I looked at my watch, puzzled. "I thought the German clocks were always right," I said. "So they are," chuckled the Canadian. "I sometimes set my American watch by that clock. But you see they have Berlin time over there. It is an hour later than ours." The Harrold clock hands pointed to quarter past five. My watch said four thirteen. No German official clock is ever wrong; so I set my watch forward two minutes.

Wagons Hurry About.

In the square below the church tower, out of range of any but heavy guns, were German wagons, or lorries—they appeared and disappeared quickly, probably under orders not to remain in view. And once, in a cloud of dust, a motor car rushed by just outside the town, carrying, I fancied, racing staff officers hurrying to the scene of confusion and defeat at Lens. There were many other towns to see, like Harrold and occasional movement on the roads, while once a German train puffing along many miles to the rear, perhaps on the Cambrai Railroad, its progress betrayed by a ribbon of white smoke.

An officer, I did not more than 15 from Toronto, told me of the habits and behavior of "the Boche" as studied through telescopes and field glasses.

"For months," he said, "while we were waiting for open fighting to start, I used to tell myself that I'd signal the guns to clean up the first party of German stretcher-bearers I saw bringing in their wounded. 'I know it sounds pretty rotten. Let me tell you why. Up in the Ypres Salient, in 1915, some of the fellows found my older brother, during a counter-attack. He had fallen while the Boche was advancing, slightly

wounded in the leg. When we retook the ground, he was lying on a Boche stretcher. He was pinned to the ground, by a Boche bayonet through his chest. I have talked to the fellows who found him. That's why I came out here."

Trench Full of Dead.

"My chance came this afternoon. You see that ground down there? That trench is full of dead. We cleaned it out this afternoon, an hour before you got here. We had seen the Boches concentrating and when the counter-attack started we knew they were coming down that trench, so all the guns started at once on it."

I looked through the telescope, which enflamed the dirty strip of yellow mud that ran down a Lens street and on through the foundations of some ruined houses. "After the strafe was over," the boy went on, "some Boches came out with stretchers. They waved a white flag."

He paused for a moment. "My chance had come at last. I picked up the receiver. I looked for the figures that would give the location of those men to the guns. But somehow I couldn't see them. I put the phone down again. Silly, isn't it? They'd have shot our men quick enough. They always do."

Ride are open until September 23 for tent houses for the United States Marine Hospital, Key West, Fla. Specifications are obtainable at the supervising architect's office, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

Manufacturers of machinery for the production of sulphuric acid, citric acid, citrate of lime and other chemicals are asked to communicate with Serr R. Calvo Arias, Mexican Consul at Baltimore, Md.

IF YOU SUFFER

from

Biliousness Headache
Constipation Bad Breath
Torpid Liver Sallow Skin Dizziness

TAKE

Express Tablets

THE LAXATIVE THAT CONTAINS NO CALOMEL

100 Tablets, 25c

PEOPLES DRUG STORES

Store No. 1 7th and K Sts. N.W. Store No. 2 505-07 7th St. N.W. Store No. 3 14th and U Sts. N.W. Store No. 4 7th and M Sts. N.W. Store No. 5 8th and H Sts. N.E.



For 45 years

WE have been offering satisfaction and service to the people of Washington in their furniture needs. Every piece and suite put on display in the nine large floors of our building is perfect and without a flaw. Guaranteed by us to last a lifetime if the proper care is taken of them. Beautiful rugs and draperies that will look as good many years from now. Complete office suites all arranged for the busy man to inspect. There are but a few days left for you to be able to profit from—

Our 38th Annual September Furniture Sale

Now in Progress

Library Sets
Living-Room Pieces
Odd Bedroom Pieces
Odd Dining-Room Pieces
Lace Curtains
Desks
Rugs and Draperies
Beds and Bedding
Suites

"What We Say It Is—It Is" JULIUS LANSBURGH FURNITURE "45 Years in Business"